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us to look more closely into the condition of our own art, and may it not impel our artists to make more vigorous efforts to keep the field so ignorantly cleared for them?

C. C.

THE BROOKLYN BARTHOLDI LOAN EXHIBITION.

WHETHER or no the Bartholdi statue of Liberty be a desirable thing in itself, it is certain that the struggle in which we are now engaged to pay for its pedestal is turning out a good thing for the general public. It has already given us the New York Loan Exhibition, which offered to thousands of people the sight of beautiful things else hidden in the cabinets and jewel-boxes of the rich; and for those who had eyes to see, it spread a feast of pictures such as, in Paris or London, would have rejoiced the world of artists and amateurs, albeit there were many who found the art in these pictures too artistic by half for their cordial enjoyment. But if, for what may be called practical purposes, it may be conceded that the New York Exhibition was made up too exclusively with a view to pleasing artists, no such objection could have been urged against the Brooklyn Exhibition. Here was spread a bountiful table of Rousseaus, Diazes, Corots, Millets, Duprés, Fromentins, and these *pièces de résistance* were garnished with Bouguereau syllabus, Merle ices, bonbons of Béraud, Firmin-Gérard, and Boldini, with, for the waiters, a good supply of Defregger, Mosler, Knaus, Kaemmerer, and Max. But, indeed, these names by no means exhaust the variety of the collection, which included, beside, a score of well-known names, several good works by American artists, so that it was hard, if any reasonable taste went away altogether unsatisfied.

It is inevitable that in any collection the pictures most sought after by the general public should be those which, for lack of a better term, we call figure-subjects. And the Brooklyn Exhibition owed a good deal of its success to the judicious mingling of figure-subjects and landscapes, with, in spite of the exceptionally large number of French landscapes, a decided leaning to the side of figure-subjects. There was always a group of delighted women about Firmin-Gérard's "The Godmother's Garden," and as a first-rate specimen of the skill of a very skilful artist the picture deserved all the admiration it excited. But to show how unthinkingly people of intelligence will sometimes look at a picture, I may record a conversation between two ladies, overheard by me while standing before this particular work.

First speaker: "Oh, what a beautiful picture! How well it is painted! Just look at those dresses! Did you ever see materials better done? Those silks! That velvet! And the little girl's coat! Look at the swan's-down, will you!"

Second speaker: "Yes, indeed, it is beautifully painted! But, don't you think the dresses are rather heavy for summer? Silks, and velvets, and swan's-down in the summer, and out of doors!"

First speaker: "Oh, I didn't think of that. Yes, I wonder the artist didn't see what a mistake he was making! It is summer, of course, for there are the flowers!"

Second speaker: "Oh, certainly it is summer. Don't you see the leaves on the trees?"

First speaker: "Yes, you are right. It is beautifully painted, but he might have made the dresses more summery!"

And the fair critics passed on, having, in this unceremonious way, dismissed a picture in which two ladies with a little girl are in the garden of a chateau on the edge of a park whose trees are nearly stripped of their foliage by the autumn wind, while a shrub in the foreground boasts still a few leaves that flutter about its branches like birds that are hastening to be gone. And the godmother is culling with a generous hand a bouquet of chrysanthemums from a border filled with this flower, the symbol, with the Japanese, of friendship, because it only blooms when summer and prosperity are fled. It is strange how people of sense and intelligence can look at a picture with so plainly told a story as this, and mistake it. But no one can have haunted picture-galleries long without encountering many such incidents.

The large Defregger here gives much pleasure, and, indeed, it would not be easy to find a better example

of the artist. This is a picture far superior to the one bought by the Bavarian Government at the recent Exposition in Munich, and destined to be placed in the new Pinacothek. There is small art and less technical skill in Defregger; but, like our own J. G. Brown, he has learned to play the one-finger waltz with great dexterity and popularity, and the hearty animal side of the German and Tyrolese peasant was never better hit off than it is in such pieces as this. He has a healthy sympathy with these people, and enjoys their company; and without caricaturing them or making them a hair better or worse than they really are, contrives to make us like them, too, and well content while the thunderstorm lasts to take shelter in the dance-hall with them and watch their doings. It is true that after one has seen fifty Defreggers he begins to wonder whether nature could not try her hand at another sort of peasant, even while admitting that these are excellent of their kind.

Henry Mosler is an American artist—so Mrs. Van Rensselaer tells us in those clear, well-written notes of hers that give so solid a value to the catalogue of the exhibition—but it is not written on his picture here. This is a scene from French peasant life. The dried-up, sordid parents of the young couple who are amusing themselves with bovine chat in the corner are engaged in an eager chaffer over the money that shall be put down by either side to clinch the barter of these tough youngsters. Mr. Mosler tells the disagreeable story as well as Defregger could tell it, but I do not see that he holds out the promise of a good



"CRADLE SONG."

FROM A WATER-COLOR DRAWING BY FERD. LAUPBERGER.

painter as well as of a good story-teller. On the contrary, I call this very poor painting, while giving all assent to the claim made for it as a clear and vigorous piece of dramatic work. But, since the great Dutch painters, the Terburgs and the Jan Steens, showed the way to unite clear and dramatic story-telling with the most beautiful painting in the world, I cannot see why we should be called on to accept the story-telling without the painting.

The picture by Harry Jochmus, a little eighteenth century boy making his first essay in drawing under the eye of his master, is remarkable as a study of expression; the thoughts both of the boy and his master are as clearly to be read in their faces as if they were written in a book. As a study of expression and character, this picture carries us a stage higher than either Defregger or Mosler; but the execution is hard and unsympathetic, though painstaking. There is no pleasure here, any more than in the other pictures, in looking at things for their own sake. But, if the visitor had turned from these to "Churning," by Salmson, he would, I think, have admitted that there was good painting—so far, that is, as there can be good painting without color, and that it was a positive pleasure to look at certain parts of the picture for their own sake—the window, with its not very clean muslin curtains, through which the dull light passed so softly; the potatoes that lay so lightly heaped and yet with a full sense of their weight in the bin; and the basket of apples on the huche or bakut, the French peasant keeps his bread; the sense of air in the

room, so that we saw all around the figure of the woman churning, with the responsive action of her jaw and hand;—all these points taken together make a whole which constitute a picture in the true sense of the term, though there may still be allowed wanting a certain indefinable inner sentiment such as Millet would have given, as he so often gave it, to his peasants engaged in similar acts of domestic drudgery.

Mr. Gaugengigl's work, of which there were two good examples, excited much interest, both among artists and laymen. This artist's work has suffered by the want of tact of those who brought it to the notice of our public. It was to have been hoped that the day was past when people would fly into a passion with the newspapers, and accuse the critics of mendacity and conspiracy, because the question was civilly raised as to whether the goods so intemperately bragged would wash. Had Mr. Gaugengigl's pictures been simply put on exhibition as they are here, for example, or, even without the advantage that is given them by its being known that they belong to so careful a buyer and so distinguished an amateur as George I. Seney, they could not have failed to attract attention, because they have many distinguished qualities, and the man who painted them is plainly in earnest. But too much by far was claimed for Mr. Gaugengigl, and a prejudice was not unnaturally excited against his claims by their very extravagance, an extravagance for which I, for one, am persuaded the artist was not to blame. But another, and a better, reason for the cold reception given to these pictures lay in the pictures themselves. We have seen too many masterpieces in this style, too many Meissoniers, Fichels, Chavets, to be astonished at the work of a pupil, however clever. A picture by Fichel, and, though a good one, not one of his best, hung in this exhibition directly over one of Mr. Gaugengigl's, and it did not need much study to see that though Fichel's art knows very well how to conceal the art, yet the art is there, and that it is plain Mr. Gaugengigl has much to do, and far to go, before he can attain to the ease and sureness of the Frenchman. Just the man at the right, in Fichel's picture, breaking eggs into a bowl to make an omelette, was worth all Mr. Gaugengigl's satin skirts put together. Fichel's work is built from the bottom up. Mr. Gaugengigl's work is, as yet, wholly on the surface. It is skilful, it is painstaking, it is inoffensive in taste, and its subjects have the advantage, as companions for a fashionable drawing-room, that they never excite the shadow of an emotion, nor give rise to any thought whatever. Waved before the face of beauty on a fan, or, were we a generation of snuff-takers, given to the nose of popinjays in their amber snuff-boxes and ta'en away again, they would fulfil all their intellectual destiny. But, such skill as Mr. Gaugengigl is possessed of is not likely to run to waste forever on subjects so uninteresting as these. He has a delicate touch, a sure hand, and a refined mind; why cannot gifts like these be applied to subjects capable of interesting the world of living men and women? Even a Fichel and Meissonier waste their time on these men of the eighteenth century; but, then, Fichel and Meissonier are Frenchmen, and these are their ancestors. Mr. Gaugengigl is, or is called, an American, and, as such, he neither knows anything genuine about these Frenchmen he is so fond of painting, nor can feel any real sympathy with them or their ways. Yet no great painter ever became great without both knowledge and sympathy.

Another American, D. R. Knight, was seen here in an excellent picture, "Hay-makers at Rest," which only needed color to be altogether satisfactory. I have often wondered why we do not hear more of this artist; but I suppose it is because, like many another American, he is virtually expatriated, and finds his subjects where he lives, and his picture-buyers where he makes his pictures. Yet his art is so straightforward, and his themes so of his own time and place, that it is a pity he could not have found his subjects on his native soil. Hard lot, that makes life pleasant and easy away from one's own country! A hard lot and an exceptional one, because every other country under heaven but our own loves and employs its own artists, and yet no one can justly reproach any American who determines to live and paint abroad.

Mr. Ulrich tries his hand at painting what he sees, and with such success that I am sure if he could spend one summer in Holland, and live on nothing but Ter-

burgs and Jan Steens—delicious, soul-satisfying food and to be had in plenty for the asking, he would see the way to add that softness and ease to his painting which is all it wants to make its truth enjoyed, to give it charm. For it is charm that his pictures lack; they have skill, intellectual observation, the art in them is good of its kind, but we do not yet love them. And pictures were meant to love. I often think of two sayings—one, of a famous and great artist, the other, of a simple-hearted man and poor king. Said Meissonier, speaking of Turner, "Here is plenty of poetry, and no painting." Said Louis XVI. to Madame Le Brun: "I know nothing about painting, but you make me love it." It is because Meissonier's pictures have plenty of painting but no poetry that they cannot live. And it is because Turner has poetry that he lives in spite of his bad painting.

But there are painters in plenty who have both the art and the charm, and it is for this that we love Terburg's girl in that picture in the Treppenhuis at Amsterdam, of which Goethe has recorded his admiration, of whose face we know no more than we do of the other side of the moon. We are more interested in her than we can ever be in a whole harem of Bougereau's insipidities or Cabanel's green-sickness girls. And it is for this that we would not exchange the head of a lady by Alfred Stevens, shown here, for an acre of Gérôme's "Bashi-Bazouks," though this be in its way a first-rate specimen of the artist's skill. There are other good painters here not fairly represented—Domingo, I was about to say, remembering his large group of soldiers playing at cards, and forgetting his little head of a rural deputy with its sparkling life under its shaggy coat. Not but that some equal life may be seen in some of the guardsmen's heads, but the effect of the whole canvas is thin and metallic.

Feyen-Perrin, too, a delightful painter, at times, was not here at his best, with his oyster-women à la Raphael, though the distance with its groups was worthy of his fine hand, and there was a frankness in his way of using his studies of Raphael in this way that did him credit. Jean Béraud, the painter of salons, was not seen to much advantage in the open air, but the naturalness of his attitudes and action never forsakes him; he reminds me of our own Eakins in the certainty with which he seizes the very form and pressure of the time. But, Mr. Eakins has the advantage in the variety of his models. Yet in the picture by Béraud the visitor could not fail to note the difference in character of these persons going to and fro on the Pont des Arts—members of the Institute, cabmen, ouvriers, and the pretty girl who gives life and grace to the hour. All is true and delicately touched, but Béraud has done more interesting things. Let me note, in passing, a landscape by Munthe, hung high but not unfavorably seen—a red sunset struggling through rifts of heavy clouds in a gray sky, and reflected in the pools of melting snow in the trampled road. This was one of the best landscapes in the exhibition.

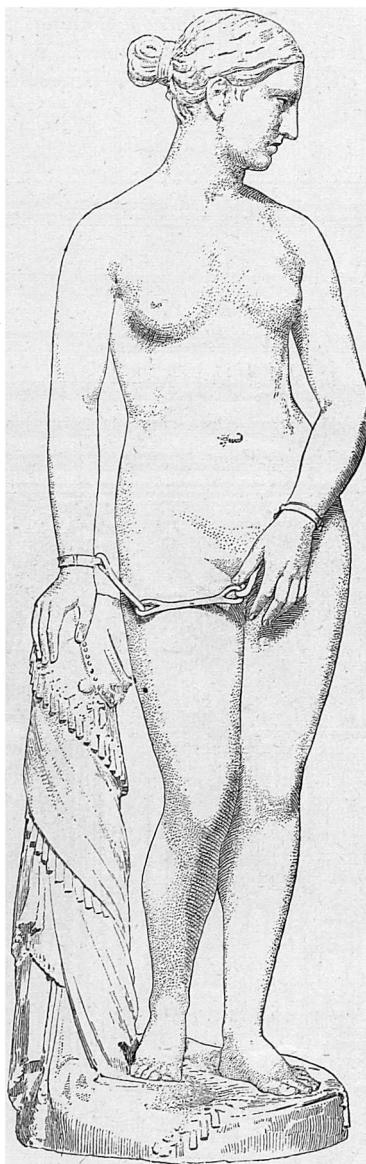
I have said nothing thus far of the French landscapes, by Rousseau, by Diaz, by Dupré, by Corot, by Fromentin, that so abounded in this collection. I do not remember that I ever before saw so many together in any one place. I have preferred to speak of the works of artists less known, and about whom less has been said, and I will confess, too, that I have not found these artists so interesting as, no doubt, I ought to have done. Diaz is not an artist of whom one can with pleasure or profit see very much at one time, and twenty-two of his canvases I have found too much. He is, it is true, essentially a picture-maker, but he works so evidently after a receipt, and shows so little observation, and so little variety, that it is seldom we carry away a distinct impression of any picture. And yet, with all his picture-making, he is not always pictorial. His large landscapes often make only a heavy blot upon the wall, for he so seldom balances and relieves the masses of his foliage with masses of sky. Rousseau, on the other hand, is full of observation and of variety, and was well seen in Brooklyn, albeit some of the pictures most important in size were of little intrinsic value, and of no value at all as representing the talent of the artist. Among the smaller Rousseaus, I liked best one without a number, a red sun struggling through a dense forest, and reflected here and there in straggling pools in the foreground and middle distance. There were

one or two reasonable Duprés in the exhibition, but the impossible ship battling with a fancy sea beneath a sky of pure invention was not among them. Such a composition as this would pass muster on a Chinese dinner-plate, but it was not to be allowed because Dupré painted it.

CLARENCE COOK.

PARIS NOTES.

THE opening of the Manet Exhibition at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts was a phenomenal success from the point of view of numbers and curiosity. More than 8000 people came on the opening day, and the crowd was so dense that the visitors were only admitted in squads. Such an event has never been known before in the annals of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. This phenomenon is to be explained by the fact that Manet's friends have made a tremendous fuss about the whole affair, advertised it, had it puffed in the



"THE GREEK SLAVE." BY HIRAM POWERS.
IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

papers, and even published books about it. This excessive admiration and this attempt to do violence to the admiration of others will do Manet's memory no good; on the contrary. Furthermore the organizers of the exhibition would have been wiser if they had made a selection of Manet's works instead of hanging up the whole of the contents of his studio. Now, after all said and done, and now that the French artists and the enlightened public, too, for that matter, recognize that Manet was not a mere charlatan or a lunatic, we come inevitably to this conclusion: Manet is interesting not so much for his own work, which is almost always unsatisfactory, insufficient in execution, and full of technical shortcomings, but for the influence that he exercised on his young contemporaries, for his striking sincerity and truthfulness of observation as regards tone and color.

MM. Gérôme, Carolus Duran, Boulanger, Baudry, Duez, Roll, Guillaumet, Lansyer and other French artists have addressed a petition to the Senate calling attention to the fraud and counterfeiting of French objects of art, and demanding the immediate dis-

cussion of M. Bardoux's proposition relative to the question of artistic property. On the other hand, the Société libre des Artistes have chosen out of their committee of ninety a sub-committee charged with studying the means of creating an agency destined to watch over and collect the artists' dues on reproductions and sales made by publishers and dealers in prints, engravings, bronzes, terra-cottas, photographs, etc., and, in short, to do for the painters what the Société des Gens de Lettres and the Société des Auteurs Dramatiques does for the literary men.

The regulations for the next triennial Salon have been published. The exhibition will be held from May 1st to June 15th, 1886, in the Palais de l'Industrie, and will be open to the works of French and foreign artists, which have not figured at the annual exhibitions anterior to 1878, at the universal exhibitions and at the National Salon of 1883. The number of works that each artist can offer is unlimited.

The situation of miniature painting at the present day is curious. There is no lack of painters of talent, only miniatures are not à la mode except as bibelots. The consequence is that the talent of the modern miniaturists is devoted almost exclusively to the production of pseudo-antique miniatures, either direct copies or else compositions in the old style. All the great miniaturists of the last century, Blarenberghe, Hall, Cosway, Dumont, Heinsius, Charlier, Augustin, Fragonard, Verrin, have been copied and imitated with such success that the very copyists themselves sometimes cannot say for certain which is the copy and which the model. There is hardly a collection of miniatures where some of these copies and imitations are not to be found. It is curious to remark that in less than three weeks after the opening of the Exposition of the Eighteenth Century in Paris at the end of last year, an exhibition in which were several remarkable collections of miniatures containing works of several artists hitherto comparatively unknown, the Paris dealers were provided with a sufficient stock of choice works of the hitherto unknown artists in question, doubtless copied or inspired from the works exhibited in the Exposition of the Eighteenth Century.

M. Bouguereau's Salon picture, if finished in time, will be a big canvas representing the "Birth of Bacchus" and containing some twenty figures.

M. Gustave Jacquet is devoting himself almost exclusively to portrait painting, and his models are the most high-nosed ladies of the noble faubourg or of the world of finance—Mme. de Courval, Mme. Gustave de Rothschild and the Vicomtesse Greffuhle. These ladies are being painted in ball dress of the epoch of Henri II. or of Louis XV. Another noble and fashionable lady, the Vicomtesse de Gilly, has had her portrait painted by Saint Pierre in a costume Anne of Austria. Costume portraits threaten to become altogether à la mode.

PARIS, January 26, 1884.

T. C.

"THE GREEK SLAVE."

THE familiar marble statue of "The Greek Slave," by Hiram Powers, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, is to be sold. It is not generally known, we believe, that it was the property of the late Honorable E. W. Stoughton, United States Minister to Russia. Powers made five replicas from the original work, which was finished in Florence in 1843. The first, sold to Captain Grant, was taken to England, and is now in the gallery of the Duke of Cleveland; the second, which in 1847 was exhibited in New York and attracted great attention, is now in the Corcoran Gallery in Washington; the Earl of Dudley owns the third; Prince Demidoff owned the fourth, and at his death it was bought by the late A. T. Stewart for \$11,000. The fifth, and the last replica, is that now in the Metropolitan Museum, for which Mrs. Stoughton has commissioned Mr. John Chadwick to find a buyer. Powers thought this one the best of the six, and in making the slave's chain with the Grecian or rectangular link instead of the round Roman link, he gave it a final touch which distinguished it from the others. It is too late now to criticise so well known a work as this of Hiram Powers, which is undoubtedly that upon which his reputation is best established. It is not too much to say, however, that no work of sculpture by an American, before or since, has attracted so much attention at home or abroad.